THE

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WEEKLY MUSEUM,

OR

POLITE REPOSITORY

OF

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

VOL. III SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1816. NO. 26.

CASIM and HAMID;

Or, an emblematical description of the RESURRECTION.

I WAS walking, a few nights ago, over the hills in the Western and unfrequented paths of the city of *Lima*, which looks towards the desart of *Elkatiff*, in order to refresh myself after the studies of the day. As I grew tired with walking, I seated myself on the head of one of the highest among that verdant range of mountains, and gave myself up to a profound contemplation on the works of the great creator, which then presented themselves to my view in the most charming prospect imaginable. The height of the place, the stillness of the season, the majesty and solemnity of the shades, which were at that time silvered over with bright moonshine, spread through my whole soul, a tranquility not to be felt, but by a mind free from guilt, and raised by the raptures of religion and devotion. On one hand of the summit where I sat, the town appeared buried in sleep and silence, and produced in my heart those tender overflowings of compassionate humanity, which are natural to a generous mind. On the other side, the desert of *Elkatiff* extended its wide uncultivated dimensions, and by its vastness and ruggedness of landscapes, struck my imagination with a kind of pleasing horror: I could observe nothing throughout its savage wastes, but caverns and precipices, broken rocks and mountains, hollow vales, sand plains, and gloomy forests, with which it was covered. At the foot of the hill, the river, which watered *Lima*, flowed along in a serene calm, whose waves seemed to murmur in their sleep, and nod gently to the shore. Over my head, the sky shone with a lively blue, whence the beautiful empress of night dispensed her influence, and the stars twinkled round her throne, like so many diamonds in an arch of sapphire.

In a word, the place, the season, and the subject of my meditation, all conspired to fix my thoughts, and kindle in my bosom the flames of an holy transport. As I melted away in these delights, I could not help imagining but the same employments, I was then pleasing myself with, bore some anal-

ogy to those which regale the departed spirits of good men. O *Casim!*—(said I to myself) do not the inhabitants of paradise thus admire the works of GOD? Does not the harmony of their praises rove through the bowers of bliss, and soften the murmurs of the streams of life? Are they not overflowed with a flood of joy, when they search the labyrinths of creation, and range through the dominions of the supreme being? Methinks I behold them lift up their admiring eyes, from the fields green in an eternal flourish, and with a strengthened and enlarged ken, penetrate into the remote places of æther; they view the systems that compose the universe, and their intellects are stretched and crowded with the ample vision! Here the fixed stars, like so many suns, beat upon their sight in a tempest of glory; here the several planets gravitate to their respective suns, and wheel about them in a mighty eddy of liquid flame; here the lesser satellites dance attendants to their primary planets, and with a milder gleam brighten their shades, and refresh their hours of darkness; while all are inhabited by a numerous race of creatures, of different capacities and orders, but all excellently adapted to glorify their infinite maker. As I was loosing myself in this soliloquy, and as my thoughts fired and grew warmer by degrees, a philosophical thought started to my mind, which I did not find easy to answer. How (said I to myself) can the spirits in paradise, stript of the human body, taste the delights of those soft and indulgent climates! How will the naked soul be able to behold the wonders of creating art, which is so profusely poured out on those regions of bliss and immortality? Can they see the verdure of the hills, or the flourish of the fields, when they have left their mortal eyes behind them? Or how can they be ravished with a concert of warbling birds, rilling streams, and bubbling fountains, without the ears of the body? Sure in vain will the blossoms emit their odours, and groves of spices will perfume the air in vain, if the power of smelling be utterly extinguished in the separate spirits of good men; and to what purpose will the fruits blush, or the breezes cool, if the taste be entirely gone, and the nerves can feel no more?

When I was losing myself in these enquiries, I saw a man, seated at the head of a mountain, and at some distance, who looked down on me, and with a voice full of majesty called me up. *Casim*, (said he) draw near, be attentive to what I utter. Cease to perplex thy mind with the unsearchable mysteries of our world; know thus much: I am a Genius, my name is Secret, the place of my abode is remote and hidden: joy dwells there, and darkness intercepts the sight of it; silence shall cover, death shall lay open the gates of it. Assure thyself, thou son of *Hamid*, that the unembodied spirits among us are perfectly holy and happy, far beyond thy glimmering conception. What avails it thee to know how they converse, what they see, where they dwell? Cease thy curiosity, and calm thy mind. Would'st thou know what we do here, and be acquainted with our enjoyments? Love thy maker, converse with thy own heart, and delight in doing good. For the time hastens in which we shall receive our bodies, for the dust shall quicken and the

soul be re united; that which now lies n the grave,stiff and pale,hastening to clay and ashes,shall revive,shall brighten, shall fly away, beauteous as morning, vigorous and light, unfading and immortal. Make no enquiry how this shall be, but go to the looms of *Persia*, and theyshall instruct thee. Dost thou not observe the little shining worm that spins thy garments? Lo! he sets thee an example, and inspires thy hopes; he glorifies his maker,he winds his silken nest for the good of others, and retires inwards; having done his work he dies,being dead he rises again. You have often seen that useful insect expire, and his skin wither and die away, and yet even that dry skin become a prolific egg,and new life spring in that little monument of death. You have beheld the dead silk worm revive into a butterfly, the most beautiful and curious of all that splendid race of insects.

What more entertaining specimen is there of the resurrection in the whole circumference of nature? Here are all the wonders of that day in miniature; it was once a despicable worm, it is raised a kind of little painted bird; formerly it crawled along with a slow and leisurely motion, now it flutters aloft upon its gilded wings; how much improved is its spangled coverings, when all the gaudiness of colour is scattered about its plumes; it is spangled with gold and silver, and has every gem of the orient sparkling among its curious feathers. Here a brilliant spot, like a clear diamond, twinkles with unsullied lustre and trembles with numerous lights, that glitter with gay confusion; there a sapphire casts a milder gleam, and shews like the blue expanse of heaven in a fair winter's evening. In this place an emerald, like a calm ocean, displays its cheerful and vivid gleams, and close by a ruby flames with the ripened blush of the morning; the breast and the legs of ebony shine with a glorious dart, while its extended wings are edged with the golden magnificence of the topaz. Thus this illustrious little creature is finished with the divinest art and looks like an animated composition of jewels, that blend their promiscuous beams about him. Thus, O *Casim*, shall the bodies of good men be raised, thus shall they shine, and thus fly away. Cease then thy enquiry, learn to live, and long to die, prepare for our world, and get your work done quickly.

The Genius having spoken these words continued for some time, when at once my ears were surprised with the melody of innumerable voices, and instruments of music,which resounded from a great height in the air; immediately the genius soared away, and my eyes lost him in the sublime ether. I then turned my eyes eastward, and saw the dawning day smile on the top of the mountains.

RETIREMENT.

Domestic comforts are the surest sources of happiness. It is in the privacy of domestic retirement, that we feel independent of the world and all its futile concerns. It is here we are exempt from the impertinent intrusion of people whom we despise, and have leisure to retrace every action of our past life.

The farther a story travels, the worse it grows, till at last it becomes a downright lie.

THE RIDGE ROAD,
OR, NATURAL TURNPIKE.

(From a late Vermont paper.)

In a tour which I took in the months of May and June last to the *Falls of Niagara*, I had the pleasure of seeing the great curiosity, called the Ridge Road, or natural turnpike.

The western end commences at Lewistown, on Niagara river, seven miles below the *great cataract*, and the same distance from the American fort. In passing from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, by the Falls, it may be proper to observe, that the country is a dead level, till you came within a mile of Lewistown, when emerging, at once, from a forest of gigantic oaks, you find yourself on the brow of a hill, where opens to your view a prospect, the most beautiful and sublime, which the mind can conceive. Here Lake Ontario first presents its boundless bosom to the eye, till *it meets the distant horizon beyond*; —immediately before you, and almost under your feet, on opposite sides of the river, are Lewistown and Queenstown; where commences at the foot of the mountain, an immense champaign, which extends to the Lake in front, and to the east and west, as far as the eye can stretch, intersected by the river, which is boiling, and wheeling, and foaming through its narrow channel, on the left, and stretching away before you, till it gradually widens, slackens, and subsides into a placid stream, which, moving majestically along, till it empties into the lake,—leaves the village of Niagara and the American *fort* on the right, with Newark and that of the British on the left. The banks of this great out let of the lakes are under high cultivation, and seemingly alive with farms, and flocks and herds, while industry is plying the oar and lifting the sail, on the bosom of its waters. This wonderful combination of such immense objects, opening at once upon the view, while the tremendous roar of *Niagara-Falls* is still thundering on your ear, and the solid mountain trembling beneath your feet, is calculated to produce emotions, which no pen can describe. The mind is absolutely overwhelmed for the moment, and lost in amazement, in contemplating such a scene of beauty, sublimity, and grandeur.

The descent of the hill to Lewistown below, which by turnings and windings among the rocks, is made gradual, is about 170 feet; being the perpendicular height of the banks of the river, from the Falls to this place.* This hill was probably once the boundary of Lake Ontario. It stretches along, in a circular line, from right to left, as far as the eye can reach. And at its base, from Lewistown below, commences the RIDGE, or, *nature's great turnpike*—running due east *eighty miles*, with the mountain on your right

* Here were once the Falls of Niagara. They commenced at the brow of this Mountain. By the constant attrition of the waters, a channel has been cut through solid rock, till the cataract has retreated about 7 miles towards Lake Erie. It still continues to retreat, and may one day disappear! after draining Lake Erie, leaving only a rapid river between Lakes Ontario and Huron.—Above the Falls the river is about one mile wide; and below, for 7 miles through the channel cut in the rock, it is not more than 50 or 60 rods, in any place. Truly, indeed, could Knickerbocker say "Nature works on a prodigious great scale in this country."

and the lake on the left, through an extent of flat country, but little above the level of the waters. It is generally from 6 to 10 feet high and from 4 to 8 rods wide. It is a bed of gravel, such as is found on the shores of the Lakes, intermixed with small shells, and so firmly compacted, that the hoof of a horse, or the wheel of a carriage, makes but little impression. Indeed, it is like a solid pavement. Where the land is low, the Ridge rises, so as to leave its surface nearly all the way a horizontal plain. In one place it runs through a low sunken marsh, about half a mile wide, where the Ridge is thrown up 20 or 30 feet high, is about 8 rods wide, and as straight as a line could be drawn. The Ridge is generally covered with large spreading oaks, whose foliage protects the traveller from the rays of the sun, and frequently affords, in this thinly inhabited country, a temporary shelter from the inclemency of the storm. Here is little underbrush to be seen; the earth is covered with a rich herbage, and *nature*, as if to give variety and interest to the prospect, here and there presents an extensive *prarie*, or natural meadow, covered with wild grass, which variegates and beautifies the scene.

That the waters of this lake once spread over this ridge, and a vast extent of country, now covered with timber, is evident from its being so nearly on a level with them—from the hill before mentioned,—from the dead level of the land,—and, (what places it beyond all doubt) from the soil, which is found to be *alluvial*.

The enquiry will naturally arise—"How was this ridge formed?" It has no appearance of having been the work of man. Nature alone could accomplish so grand a design. It has been supposed, by some attentive observers, that this was formed by the waters of the lake, that when they were receding from their ancient limits, they here made a bold stand, and, in process of time, threw up this ridge. by "their foaming fury." But can this be true?—Instead of being left straight, would it not have often varied its course and been sometimes indented by bays?—But this question is left for naturalists to decide. S. C.

MORAL.

The christian possesses a great advantage in the contemplation of nature. He beholds unity in the midst of variety. He looks round on the changing scenery, and in every leaf of the forest, every blade of grass, every hill, every valley, and every cloud of heaven, he discovers the traces of divine benevolence. Creation is but a field spread before him for an infinitely varied display of love. This is the harmonizing principle, which reduces to unity and simplicity the vast diversity of nature; this is the perfection of the universe. It clothes in moral glory every object we contemplate. The christian may be said to hear the music of the spheres. He hears suns and planets joining their melody in praise to their benignant Creator. His ear, and his alone, is tuned to this heavenly harmony. His soul is love.

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MODESTY.

Modesty is the irradiating charm in domestic life—and adds uncommon lovliness to those who shine in the most distingushed circles.

VARIETY.

BURKE'S CHARACTER OF HOWARD.

"His plan," said Burke, "is original; and it is as full of genius, as it is of humanity. He has visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples: not to make accurate measurements of antient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; nor to collect medals, or to collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depth of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the guage and dimensions of misery, depression and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries."

PASSION.

Lord Bacon, was wont to say of a passionate man, who suppressed his anger "that he thought worse than he spoke;" and he said of an angry man, who vented his passion in words, "that he spoke worse than he thought."

TO-MORROW.

How sweet to the heart is the tho't of to-morrow,
When hope's fairy pictures bright colours display!
How sweet when we can from futurity borrow
A balm for the griefs that afflict us to-day.

UMBRELLAS.

In the biography of Mr. Hanway he is stated to have been the first man who ventured to walk the streets of London with an umbrella over his head. Doctor Morgan was the first man who ventured to do it in Philadelphia, at least by way of parasol, though now a custom so common every where as to lose the idea of effeminacy, and to be thought no more remarkable than the wearing a hat—so indefinite are our notions of luxury.

YES AND NO.

Said gentle Laura when I sigh,
'Tis *no* I would express,
When silent, and with down cast eye,
Then understand me, *yes*.

WOMAN.

At no time of life should a man give up the thoughts of enjoying the society of women. "In youth," says Lord Bacon, "women are our mistresses, at a riper age our companions, in old age our nurses, and in all ages our friends."

MARTIN LUTHER.

"A man," said he, "lives forty years before he knows himself to be a fool; and at the time he begins to see his folly, his life is nearly finished; so that many men die before they begin to live."

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

So little was he indebted to the aid of learning for his pre-eminence, that he could scarcely write: and yet so various were his talents, that his influence was felt in the council, as well as in the field.

COLLINS.

This sweet poet was much attached to a young lady, who was born a day before him, and who did not return his passion. "Your's is a hard case," said a friend. "It is so, indeed," said Collins, "for I came into the world *a day after the fair*."

DR. JOHNSON.

He conversed with sir Joshua Reynolds, upon the subject of friendship. "If a man," said Johnson, "does not make new acquaintance, as he advances in life, he will soon find himself alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair."

Seat of the Muses.

SPRING.

Beneath the leafless oak I stood,
And listening to the moaning blast:
The roaring of the distant flood,
Told of the storm that now was past.
When from the south advancing slow,
A form of beauty caught my eye,
I saw her tears in torrents flow,
And from her lips burst many a sigh.

'Twas Spring:—She viewed with shrinking fear,
The frozen stream, the barren plain,
The joyless vale, and forest drear,
Blasted beneath their tyrant's reign.
And oft she stopped and looked behind
With wistful eye to southern fields,
Where vines are round the green oak twined
And every grove its music yields.

But fate's commands must all obey,
And still advanced the weeping fair;
While every sigh that forced its way
Poured heavenly fragrance on the air,
And soon she noticed with surprise,
That wheresoe'er her tear drops fell,
Straightway the sweetest flowers would rise,
And bloom, as though by magic spell.

Pleased with the sight, she raised her eyes,
That long were fixed upon the ground;
No tempest foul deformed the skies,
But peace and beauty smiled around!
The frozen stream, the barren plain,
The joyless vale and forest drear,
Had lost the gloom of winter's reign,
And felt the renovated year.

With soft delight the change she viewed,
And heard sweet warblers sing their loves,
Tripping the dew her course pursued,
And bounded light thro' vales and groves.
Nor knew herself to be the power,
That cloth'd with joy each hill and dale,
Gave health and sweetness to the hour,
And all its fragrance to the gale.

VARIETY.

Ask what prevailing pleasing power
Allures the sportive wandering bee,
To roam entic'd from flower to flower—
I'll tell you—'tis *variety*.

Look Nature round, her features trace,
Her seasons, all her changes see;
And own, upon creation's face,
The greatest charm's variety.

For me, ye gracious powers above,
Still let me rove, unfix'd and free
In all things but the nymph I love,
I'll change and taste variety.

But, Delia, not a world of charms
Could e'er estrange my heart from thee;
No; let me ever fill thine arms,
There still I'll find variety.

TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

Sweet flowers! that from your humble beds
Thus prematurely dare to rise,
And trust your unprotected heads
To cold Aquarius' watry skies;

Retire, retire! these tepid airs
Are not the genial brood of May;
That sun with light malignant glares,
And flatters only to betray.

Stern winter's reign is not yet past—
Lo! while your buds prepare to blow,
On icy pinions comes the blast,
And nips your root, and lays you low.

Alas, for such ungentle doom!
But I will shield you; and supply
A kindlier soil on which to bloom,
A nobler bed on which to die.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
O come, and grace my Anna's breast.

Ye droop, fond flowers! But did ye know
What worth, what goodness there reside,
Your cups with liveliest tints would glow,
And spread their leaves with conscious pride.

For there has liberal nature join'd
Her riches to the stores of art,
And added to the vigorous mind,
The soft, the sympathising heart.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
O come and grace my Anna's breast.

O! I should think,—that fragrant bed
Might I but hope with you to share,—
Years of anxiety repaid,
By one short hour of transport there.

More blest than me, thus shall ye live
Your little day; and when ye die,
Sweet flowers! the grateful muse shall give
A verse; the sorrowing maid, a sigh.

While I, alas! no distant date,
Mix with the dust from whence I came,
Without a friend to weep my fate,
Without a stone to tell my name."

☞ The present No. of the Museum completes its third octavo vol. and the 26th year since its commencement. Our distant subscribers in particular will please to notice, that agreeably to the terms of its publication, it will be necessary, if they wish to continue the paper, that they forward the advance money (post paid) to the Editor No. 102 Water-street. They may rely that our best endeavours shall be continued to give general satisfaction, and trust that a paper so long devoted to the Amusement and Interest of the rising generation will always be a Favourite with a generous and enlightened public.

*** Those subscribers to the Museum in the city, who intend removing the ensuing 1st of May, will please notify the same to the Carriers, or at the office, No 102 Water-St.

Several vessels have arrived at this port from Europe since our last; but they do not afford any news that may be thought interesting.

The plague had broke out in Naples and in several other parts of the Mediterranean; which had subjected all vessels arriving at Gibralter from these parts, to undergo a strict quarantine.

A Dr. Abel Watkins, of Middlebury of Warsaw (Genesee Co.) lately poisoned his wife, and, shortly afterwards a Mr. Perry, a friend of his. The bodies had been buried, but suspicions of familiarity between Watkins and Perry's wife, led to their disinterment, which proved the horrid fact, that Watkins had poisoned them: on hearing that his villainy was detected he hung himself.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the Right Reverend Bishop Hobart, Mr. John S. Jenkins, to Miss Ann Heiser daughter of Mr. Henry Heiser, all of this city.

At Grace Church by the rev. Mr. Bowen, Capt. F. A. Depeyster, to Miss Jane Gilbert, daughter of Garrit Gilbert, esq. all of this city.

By the rev. Dr Carberry, Valentine Derry, esq. to Miss Eliza Isabella Steele.

By the rev. Mr. M'Clellan, Mr. William D. Morgan, to Miss Harriet M'Master, daughter of Mr. James M'Master, all of this city.

By the rev. Dr Fenwick, Mr. James Lynch, to Miss Eliza Ann Little, eldest daughter of Michael Little, esq. of this city.

By the rev. Mr M'Clay, James M. Sickels, Printer, to Miss Sabrina Fitz.

By the rev Mr Milledollar, Mr. William Kimmel to Miss Catharine Storer, both of this city.

By the same, Mr. Orris Vanderbilt, to Miss Susan Tappan.

By the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. James Bushfield, to Miss Susan Arrowsmith, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Williams, John Barney, esq to Miss Rosetta Bingham, all of this city.

Obituary.

DIED.

Mr. William Loudon, son of the late Samuel Loudon, printer, aged 31 years.

Mrs. Hannah Low, daughter of the late Samuel Loudon, aged 40 years.

Mr. Robert Ratoon, aged 58 years.

Mrs. Lucretia Rezeau, wife of Jacob Rezeau, aged 25 years.

Mr. Asher Noe, aged 61 years.

Mrs. Margaret Lawrence aged 67.

Mr. Oliver Clark, aged 19.

The Coroner was on Tuesday called to view the body of Margaret Blake, who was found dead in her bed, and her husband by her side, at No 100 Anthony-street. On examination, it was discovered she had been stabbed under the left breast, which reached to the heart. The husband of the deceased is committed as the perpetrator of the crime,

And on Wednesday he was called to view the body of an infant child, unknown, found in a box near the Collect. Also a drowned man at Haerlem Bridge, in sailor's dress, who had been a long time in the water.

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